Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

TO A LADY'S ALBUM.

Behold! little cloister of fugitive song,
On the top of Parnassus we stand!
The mystical sisters around thee throng,
And are waiting for thy command.

Bid them Olympus' best issue,
To the Castalian spring;
Each god of might, and goddess bright,
A tribute to thy treasury bring.

See, to the sisters' call great Jove descending!
His skull is masked with the lightning's blaze,
Whose living fire, athwart thy pages glancing,
Shall speak in tones of thunder through thy lays.

And mark the goddess bowing at his side!
That form of majesty! that lovely mien!
That queenly eye! that brow of conscious pride!
All all proclaim Jove's spouse, and heaven's queen!
Her proper weapons shall her mark the page,
And let me chords see her alive with fire.

Methinks I hear, near and more near,
The battle's dire alarms!
Progeny of war, the lab'ring ear
Shrieks fearfully!—Ha! who goes there?
"I'm Mars, the steel-clad god of arms!"
His lance is poised, his eye with martial rage
Is flashing on the battle field: that field—thy tiny page.

Fair Venus, the treasure of love and of pleasure,
To youth's ardent gaze shall unfold:
In her joy beaming eye, and her love-breathing sigh,
All youth's aspirations are told.
To him then bear the dart'ring tale,
For him reflect that ray;
For him the impassion'd sigh inhale,
And breathe it from thy echoing lay.

Gay Flora next appears to view,
In Iris tints she's drest;
These fragrant flow'rs were cull'd for you,
That deck her breast.
And the embryo buds in her hand were riv'n
From their cradle of thorn;
All these, in their redolent bloom, shall be giv'n
Thy fairy members to adorn.

Young Ganymede, with sportive glee,
Comes bounding from the throng;
The nectareal bowl he proffers thee,
To sprinkle o'er thy song.

And blushing Hebe is murm'ring in thine ear
Sweet dreams of hope—oh! haste, record them here,
For thou may'st not refuse,
So modest a muse.
To youth her bliss fraught messages to bear.

Minerva, brain-born goddess! now inspires
A gleam from wisdom's pure ethereal fires;
Shut not the leaf, your thoughtless muse requires
Her steady light,
To beacon her from the evil way, and guide her in the night.

Go forth, little minstrel, with harp full strung,
Immortality's crown shall be won;
And the souls of the gods shall be treasur'd in song;
Go forth—for thy lesson is done. Q. D. K.

From Atkinson's Casket.

The Hanging of the Spy.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

"I'll take thee to the good green wood,
And make thine own hand choose the tree."

The summer of 1800, I spent at those mineral springs of Western Virginia, so abundantly scattered over the face of a country unsurpassed in the grandeur and beauty of its aerial prospects, and in spontaneous fertility of soil. But attractive as are the views and natural curiosities of this fine region, to a lover of the picturesque, the speculative tourist will meet with a study still more interesting, in the noble mountaineers who people it. A bold, primitive race, much assimilated in character and habits to the Scottish Highlanders—for like them, they are mostly warriors and breeders of cattle—our trans-montane brethren may be well described by garbling the strong lines of the poet-traveller, as

"Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold—
Pride in each front, and freedom on each brow.—
True to imagined right—above control,
And fierce in native hardihood of soul."

My longest stay, while among them, was made at the Sweet Springs, in Monroe, on the borders of Allegheny county. Here, shunning the throng of health-hunters, and pleasure-hunters, and fortune-hunters, congregated from every quarter of the continent, my chief delight consisted in exploring along the romantic environs of this celebrated watering-place, and in making what acquaintances I could among the plain but superior natives. A day or two after my arrival, having gone forth without guide or

"More sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts."—

I wandered within sight of the Rattle-snake Mountain, long pre-eminent among the *lions* of the neighborhood. A huge heap of rocks reared itself before me, barren of tree or shrub, or growth of vegetable life, every crevice swarming with hundreds of the genus crotalus horridus, since aptly suggested as the appropriate emblem of our United States. I had stood for some time, surveying a scene, wild, desolate, and solitary as the savage deserts of the Andes; nought moving or living was visible save the creeping and gorgeously variegated denizens of the rocks, that, as they crawled among the clefts or basking in the sunshine, wreathed themselves about the fantastic points, recalled and almost realized the fine passage in Paradise Lost, which narrates the serpentine metamorphoses of satan and his infernal legions. Suddenly a sharp, quick sound behind me startled away my poetic reminiscences—'twas the report of a rifle; and one of the most ancient and magnificent of the beauteous reptiles, that lay coiled on a stone, at a little distance, testified by the writhings and contortions of its dying agonies, to the fatal precision of the aim. At once the myriads of party-colored snakes, erst so still and peaceable, were roused to every motion of rage and tumult, darting out their forked tongues, shaking their rattles as they threw themselves in attitude to strike, and sending forth a horrid and simultaneous hiss, that might have matched that ascribed by Milton to his transformed fiends. I made a hasty retreat from the dangerous vicinity; and, turning, confronted in a man of most majestic proportions and bearing, the marksman whose unerring skill had awakened the "sound perverse" of this "hiss of hell." My first glance mistook him for an aboriginal son of the woods; for such his garb and gait bespoke him as he approached me, stalking in erect dignity, and lifting his feet high with the action of one accustomed to walk over rough and encumbered ground. His height was upwards of six feet; his person of symmetry robust, yet perfect as if cast in the mould of the Farnese Hercules, was clad in a hunting-shirt of dark green cloth, the original colour nearly obliterated by every variety of stain contracted from bough and brake, and bound about the waist with what had once been a splendid wampum belt; a cap of rough bear-skin, with the feathers of an eagle's wing rising stiffly across it, covered his locks, "coal-black, yet grizzled here and there;" and on his broad and sinewy legs were laced a pair of moccasins of Indian manufacture. In his hand he poised with as much ease as a child bears a reed, a gun of that peculiar make so famous and so fatal in the hands of our western foresters; and of such weight that I found myself, on trial, scarce able to raise it from the ground. Exposure to the sun and elements had embrowned a complexion naturally fair, to the hue of the red men, from whom, in dress and mien, he was undistinguishable to a slight observation. As he drew near, however, his keen eye met mine—the gaze of recognition was mutual—and I knew Col. Walter Lewis, one of my father's best and oldest friends, and a man of wealth and influence in these parts. Our encounter here greatly surprised me, for I had deemed him a resident in Kanhawa; but it was not the less pleasant because totally unexpected to both parties. Shaking my hand again and again, with the grasp of a giant, and promising that he kept bachelor's hall a mile or two off, he pressed me warmly to go home and spend a few days with him; which invitation, being readily accepted, we strolled on together, but not before the colonel had picked up and borne off in a careless hand, the yet warm trophy of his dexterity as a shot. Curious to see the domicile of one noted as a queer original, and as an adventurer, whose hair-breadth 'scapes and perils, by flood and field, equalled those of Othello himself, though he seemed not to have rehearsed them with the like effect to the ear of a gentle Desdemona. I was glad when we came in sight of the house, which, though large, had pretty much the appearance of an Indian wigwam, and was built of hewn logs, amidst a cluster of oaks, each one whereof might have been imagined the shelter of a Hamadryad, so vast and venerable did they wave in their verdant antiquity. Snakes of every size and species hung from the branches, or entwined around the stems, lifeless indeed, but so artfully stuffed and disposed, as to counterfeit the look and almost the motions of life. An enormous bear, tied to a tall pine in another part of the yard, incessantly repeated his melancholy circuit around the tree, alternately winding up and unwinding his chain, while two or three fawns, as many fox-cubs, raccoons, and opossums, running about at large together, and keeping up an endless spitting and sparring at each other, rendered the premises a menagerie, somewhat after the fashion, though on a scale somewhat smaller, of "*Le Jardin des Plantes.*" Beneath the ample shade of the central oak was spread an immense bear skin; on this we threw ourselves, and my host calling loudly for Kekoke, a handsome Indian boy appeared in answer to the summons, leading, in a strong leash, a panther, hardly full grown, but of extraordinary power and stature, that came bounding forward and fawned upon its master with the familiarity of a house-dog. I felt, as the reader may suppose, not particularly at ease within reach of this singular and dangerous pet; but my entertainer, after giving orders to have his leggings loosened, and water brought for us to wash, endeavored to re-assure me with many asseverations, that the creature was as docile and harmless as a lamb. After reposing awhile in the open air, without other refreshment than a draught of the limestone lymph; for the colonel never drank, though he was profuse of his offers to me of wine and strong liquors, we were called in to supper; and here I found myself in an apartment apparently dedicated to Hubert, the patron saint of hunters. On one side of the door a wolf, grinning in gaunt fierceness, stood as sentinel, and preserved so naturally the aspect and posture of life, that I involuntarily started aside. Antlers garnished the rough cast walls, intermixed with the brushes of foxes, the skins of various animals of game, and a fine display of birds in their dried plumage. Guns of all sorts leaned in the corners amongst angling-rods, spears, and tackle; and shot bags, powder-flasks, and hunting-horns were suspended beneath a drapery of nets for fishing and fowling. After the evening meal, served with the utmost neatness, and substantial enough to satisfy the appetite of a hungry sportsman, I was shown to a chamber almost luxurious in its accommodations, and the colonel withdrew to his own sleeping-place, on a pile of buffalo robes.

One week glided agreeably away in this sylvan abode, where I enjoyed every mode of the chase, diversified by the veteran's animated tales and recollections of former feats and failures.—Lewis, unbent by time and unbroken by hardships, was now sixty and upwards. One of the pioneers of the west, he had experienced all the vicissitudes of that eventful and spirit-stirring existence, and delighted to recount all that he had done and undergone of daring and difficulty. Full of wit and anecdote, and drawing on a lively imagination what he had seen, whether in the wilds of Kentucky, or in the camp of Washington, was painted to the very life. He had served in the army of the Revolution; and his beau-ideal of a military man, was the renowned Gen. William Campbell, the friend of his youth, the commander of his first campaign. I had, from him, many descriptions of this illustrious patriot, who, according to his partial eulogist, was tall and raw-boned, with an iron constitution, capable of incredible endurance; hard-favoured, and large in limb and feature, he had light hair, eyes, and complexion, with a serious—nay, stern look; was slow and scant of speech, and in his manner uncommonly grave and constrained. Of Scottish descent, he inherited the principles and predilections of the persecuted presbyterians of that northern land. His religious zeal and his devotion to liberty, were alike deep, fervent, and exclusive. In all domestic and social relations perhaps the most amiable of men, he set his face like a flint against the enemies of his country and of freedom; and he who would send his negroes (a rare property among the mountains) to work for a poor neighbour, and plough himself through the heat of the day in the fields—who gave each spare moment to his bible and his God, and scrupulously acted up to the golden rule of "doing unto all men as ye would they should do unto you,"—proved himself as ruthless and inflexible as Claverhouse or Cumberland, towards those who betrayed or deserted the holy cause for which he contended and died. From many characteristic traits, related by the colonel, of the hero of King's Mountain, I select the following, not only as illustrating his Roman firmness, and integrity of patriotism—his resolute promptitude of action, but as an adequate sample of the horrors of that species of warfare, where brother must strive against brother, and kindred blood reek red and hot on the hands of either side.

At the period of the occurrence about to be narrated, the general lived on a branch of Holston River, in what is now Washington county. The crisis of the Revolution lowered dark and disastrous; the whigs were drooping and dispirited; the tories, rather more numerous than was natural in the mountain fastnesses, always sacred to liberty, full of malign hope and insolent exultation. The most active and conspicuous of this traitorous phalanx, was one Bradley Crowles, an American by birth, but an Englishman in politics and prejudices, who, six or eight years before, had come into the upper country in the capacity of a trader; and, opening an assortment of groceries and dry goods on the road side, had recommended himself much to the plain-hearted people who dealt with him. As a matter of great favour he was boarded and lodged in the family of the farmer, on whose land he had located his store; and who, besides his claims as a man of standing and substance, was scarce the less courted and considered, for being father to the loveliest among the blooming and agile nymphs of Western Virginia. Crowles was remarkable for the comeliness of his person, and soon won general favor with the fair maidens round about, by the softness of his manners, and superior fashion of his dress; he played well too on the violin, and evening after evening was spent in soothing his old landlord's ear with the fine melancholy strain, commemorative of Braddock's Defeat, and expressing more plainly and powerfully than the strongest language could, the dismay and alarm which the news of that unforeseen catastrophe spread throughout the colony: moreover, the insinuating stranger, though lacking the high tone of careless courage and venturous resolution, which animated the fearless foresters around him, was acute, indefatigable, and intriguing, far beyond their simple ken. Still, despite his art and his accomplishments, he had to undergo a probation well nigh comparable, as he thought, to Jacob's servitude, ere his love suit was smiled upon by the rustic belle, who monopolized and disdained the hearts of all the young men on the hill side. Jane Parish, a being "brightly bold," in eye and air, and soul, was just such another in beauty and bravery, as we fancy the "warrior-love" of Theseus to have been; but, unlike the Amazonian queen, she yielded up her young and pure affections to one the reverse in all high attributes of herself, and the hardy race from whence she sprung. Nature had endued her with the spirit of a Boadicea or a Brenhilda, and inured from her cradle to all bodily exercises, she was, like the rest of the mountain damsels, perfect as a horsewoman, a huntress, and a shot. In this and some other points, she painfully felt the inferiority of the handsome lowlander; yet she loved him with a tenderness and constancy that eventually overcame all opposition to their union. Jane was an only daughter, and her parents unaccustomed to thwart her wishes; so at length she gave herself, with their reluctant consent, to the man of her choice. The objections of the old folks proved, however, well-founded, as little by little his true character developed itself. He made, to be sure, a faithful and indulgent husband; he was frugal, industrious, and successful in business: so far so good. But the family of Enoch Parish, as staunch a republican as America ever bred—a freeman, who, alone and unaided amid a hostile host, would have rushed to uphold the stars emblazoning the proud national banner, not less holy in his eyes, than their Prophet's sacred standard to the Turks—a freeman, who held a royalist to be beyond the pale of redemption, and a traitor as a veritable and accursed incarnation of the evil one himself,—were all endowed with similar principles and feelings; and as their new relative, growing after his marriage less circumspect in conducting his disloyal and villainous practices, became suspected and stigmatized as "no better than an English spy," dissension began to pervade the domestic circle; and the young wife awakened from her dream of perfect happiness to see him, to whom she was pledged in love and honor for life, an object of contempt and abhorrence to her sire and her kindred, and herself still clinging to him the more fondly in proportion to their scorn and hatred, pitied and despised, in such sort as angels might view a fallen child of light, wilfully wedded to the crimes and punishment of a demon. Crowles left the dwelling of his father-in-law, where they had continued till after the birth of their second child, and removed to an establishment of their own, some miles up the country. Here, availing himself to the utmost of his power over the neighborhood, mostly his customers and debtors, by withholding supplies and enforcing payment, or granting accommodation to any extent, on either score, he went on with his unwearied and judicious efforts to promote the British cause, till serious disservice ensued thereby to the colonists, and public odium began to attach itself to his name. About this time Gen. Campbell returned home after a long absence; he soon heard of Crowles, and of the mischief he was doing. Alive to aught that touched the interests of the popular side of the conflict, he watched the accused with a wary and impartial eye; his sagacity was speedily satisfied of the necessity of his removal—his determination formed as to the mode. It was far from his wont to ensnare an enemy unawares, or without giving him a fair chance for his life. The apostate spy was duly warned to desist from his obnoxious course and depart the country, in failure whereof this dreaded chieftain communicated his intention to string him up at the first opportunity, with his own hand. Crowles well knew the man with whom he had to reckon; he was aware of the like summary punishment having been inflicted by the champion of the west, on more than one tory; and that his treasonable and parricidal proceedings had richly earned the threatened halter: still, judging himself ensconced in a tower of strength by his connexion with a whig family, so respectable as the Parishes, and vainly relying on his consummate craft to cope with, and elude the vigilance of the terrible Campbell, he was so regardless of his safety as to persist in remaining, and in pursuing, though with more secrecy and prudence, the vile and dangerous trade which he had so long driven, no less to his own advantage than to that of his foreign employers. But his death-warrant was issued—his days already numbered. One Sunday the general was on his way to meeting—for he was regular in his attendance on public worship as in his private devotion—his wife, a sister of Patrick Henry, and in powers of speech almost equal to her immortal brother, rode with him, (wheel carriages there were few, or none in that frontier region) and on a third horse a servant carried their only child before him. As the party paced sedately along, the distinguished couple engaged in religious discourse befitting the day and their destination, who should they suddenly come upon, at a turn of the road, but the doomed and deserted Bradley Crowles! To seize his bridle rein with one rough hand, and to tumble him from his saddle with the other, was but the work of a minute to the athletic warrior. Crowles deficient alike in muscular power and inward energy, attempted neither flight or defence, though his assailant was, like himself, unarmed. The sentenced tory felt that his last hour had come; gifted by the ecstacy of mortal terror with a superhuman eloquence, he besought not his stern judge, but Mrs. Campbell for pity and for life. One of the most excellent and compassionate of her sex, she was loud and impassioned in her intercession for the poor wretch, who cowered beneath her husband's grasp like a chicken in the clutch of a hawk. Calmly, but with immoveable firmness, he bade her be silent in a matter which she understood not, and, unless she desired to witness an inevitable severity, to take the child from the attendant and ride on. Seeing the futility of her supplications, and eager to escape the horrid sight impending, she obeyed, weeping bitterly the while over a necessity so dreadful. Meanwhile the inflexible avenger of his country's wrongs, without one word of reply to all the agonized petitions for mercy, poured forth to him, had bound the hands of the victim fast behind him with a handkerchief; the strong limb of a stately chesnut tree, shooting horizontally across the road, was selected as able to bear the burden about to dangle from it, and the servant ordered to lead the spare horse beneath the convenient bough, and to take off and twist together the bridle reins, one of which being made fast about the criminal's neck, the general, as he held the other in his ready hand, exhorted him to commend his soul to God for the last time. The bewildered wretch essayed to pray, but his ideas utterly failed him, and the words faltered slow and incoherent on his tongue; still, in the faint hope of succour or respite, he prolonged the imperfect orisons till they were stayed by the advance of his relentless executioner, who, motioning him forward, proceeded to perform the last act of the tragedy. Throwing the almost lifeless Crowles by main strength on the saddle, he ascended the tree and attached the other end of the leather noose securely to the branch above; this done, he hastened down, and giving a sudden lash to the horse it sprung from under the culprit; the body fell with a heavy wrench, the neck cracked, and every limb, violently convulsed, quivered long and fearfully in the air. Gen. Campbell stood in stern silence, looking on the dying struggles of the spy, till the last vibration of thong and limb had ceased; then directing his servant to take the horse to Mrs. Crowles, with the information of her husband's death, and where the body was to be found, he mounted his own gallant steed, and rejoining his wife, rode on to meeting in leisurely unconcern, as if nothing unusual had happened.

Mrs. Crowles was at this time the mother of three children, and on the eve of confinement with her fourth. She had been for some days awaiting, in great anxiety, the return of her husband, from an errand of more than ordinary peril. She was still a woman of great beauty; for though the freshened glow of her maiden bloom had vanished, it was replaced with a more touching, if less brilliant charm, in the air of matronly dignity, gently blent with melancholy tenderness, now softening the expression of her fine features. As she sat in the door of her log *cabin*, (I am aware that *cottage* has the more refined sound, but I cannot help preferring the local term) her large black eyes alternately cast from the bible, in which she read to the infant on her lap, and then turned wistfully down the road in search of her Bradley's approaching form, she might have served as the model to a painter about to limn the Genius of America—full of majestic firmness, yet pale in saddened doubt, at that gloomiest juncture of our righteous war. Suddenly the clatter of horses' hoofs, growing louder and louder, echoed on her eager ear; the two biggest children ran toddling along towards the gate, to meet "daddy," and get a ride to the house on "daddy's" horse. The glad wife made all haste to rise that her situation and burden of book and baby permitted, and went smilingly forth to meet the person dearest to her on earth, though he was the insidious betrayer of his country, and had placed her at deadly variance with all in her father's house. A black man with a led horse is seen slowly riding up to the door—that horse she instantly recognizes as her husband's—that rider is known for the servant of Gen. Campbell, the implacable foe, the pitiless destroyer of tory and of traitor. At once the whole truth is comprehended by the widowed sufferer; there needs no words to tell it. Neither swoon, nor shriek, nor sigh succeeded the appalling conviction, as it flashed across her brain; calm, cold, and colourless as a corpse, she stood and heard the message by the negro, then mutely signed him to depart. There was no living soul about the premises but herself and her little ones, the only servant being gone on a Sunday's visit to her friends. But, possessed of the nature and habits of a Spartan female, the bereaved woman sufficed for herself, and wasted not the time in weeping and wailing words over her fatherless children. These she made ready to go abroad; then removing the saddle, that had been the owner's footstool to eternity, she accoutred herself and the animal in the riding gear proper to her own use, loaded and shouldered the gun with which, in her girlish days, she had brought down many a soaring bird, and many a bounding deer; and leading the horse by the bridle, with the youngest child in her arms, the two boys following her, she proceeded on foot to the nearest house, distant about a mile and a half. No woman's sign of grief burst all this while from eye or lip, or breast:

"Vengeance, deep brooding o'er the slain,
Had locked the source of softer woe."

Her resolution was taken—her mind made up; her first care and thought was for the body of her murdered (as it seemed to her) husband; her next, to shoot the man who had but inflicted the just penalty of martial law on that husband's misdeeds. Buoyed up by the energy of her revengeful purpose, she reached the farm house of John Helms; he was from home. Jane told her tragic tale to its shocked in-dwellers, confiding her orphans to their kind charge, bade them raise the neighbourhood to follow her to the fatal spot; and, disregarding all persuasion or remonstrance, mounted her palfrey and rode rapidly off, on her pious duty of guarding the remains of her beloved partner from insult or injury by man or beast of prey. The inhabitants of those upland tracts were few and scattered far, the roads rough and circuitous, and besides it was the sabbath-day; so that much time necessarily elapsed before a sufficient number were collected, and the simple preparations made for cutting down and removing the corpse. These completed, the party pressed forward with all speed to the relief of the forlorn but high-souled heroine. They reached the place of execution; the evening shadows were gathering fast around, but the level rays of the sinking sun, as he shone behind the lofty chesnut tree, streamed in yellow lustre on the scene beneath. A dark object, strongly defined on the blue of the opposite horizon, first arrested their attention; it was the body of Bradley Crowles, swinging stiff and stark from the projecting bough; the only living thing in view was the horse, quietly grazing at the edge of the woods. Stretched on the ground, at the foot of the fatal tree, lay the hapless Jane Crowles; she was sometime dead. Overcome with fatigue and emotion at a sight so awful to the eyes of a wife, she had taken the pangs of travail before her time, and sunk under them. The cold autumnal winds, sadly sighing her requiem, lifted her long hair and blew the withered leaves over her as she lay in her pale loveliness, a martyr to conjugal affection, and one of the many sacrifices to the crimes and evils co-incident with, but unrecorded in the annals of Civil War. E. C. S.

Legend of the Lake.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

No sleep to eyes that watch the moon,
Rejoicing at her cloudless noon;
No sleep, when every pulse is heard,
And the heart flutters like a bird
That pants to be escaped and fly
Through the free chambers of the sky,
No sleep, when first to startled maid
The empire of her love's betrayed.

She grew within her father's walls,
The life and music of his halls;
Of beauty so untouched and bright,
That as you gazed, the thought of blight
Would gather on you like a cloud,
And the oft tale—"It bloomed and bowed,"
Would fix itself to that lone flower
With saddening and prophetic power.

She had been loved, and loved. She gave
Her spirit to a keeper brave,
Who with a pilgrim ardor swore
Faith to the treasure that he bore;
And though with look and taunt of ire
Barred from his maiden by her sire,
He hovered 'mid the scenes and lake
His worship song each night to wake.

Ah! love has lips beyond a book!
The pregnant language of a look
Sweeps swifter than the eagle's wing,
Where lip can vow or harp can ring;
On music glides through prison bars,
And to his service bows the stars;
And now behold his victim there,
Pale leaning through the midnight air.

She listens, till her form is bent
Over the answering fountain,
Uplooking from the blackened water
Into the eye of that pale daughter.
A sound is on the lake; but still,
As tears of joy fast-coming fill
Her glorious vision, every sense
Is slaved to silence, deep, intense.
The music ceases, and a skiff
Is parting from the shadowy cliff;
It nears, till 'neath her balcony
Her lover meets the maiden's eye!
And then with front erect, and lofty
Flung backward in the moonlight glare,
She waves him welcome through the night,
Yet shrinks before the streaming light!

And why delay the tale? 'Tis told
In that of each heart-huntsman bold,
Who wins the maid to hold less dear
Her hearth-stone than her cavalier;
To trust the love that worships yet,
Though danger round its path be set;
The love that dares and perils all
To snatch the idol from its thrall.

She's won! Their eyes, their lips have met;
Yet may not love his task forget;
Strong arm and manly chest are there;
Then stay not for the hurried prayer!
In sea-cloak wrapped the maiden lies,
And o'er the lake the frail bark flies;
A new delight the corsair thrills;
She shoots the shadow of the hills!

Then he outspoke, "Now thou art mine,
Fast farewell to yon rocky shrine,
Where, dearest, I have vowed to thee,
By stars, and moon, and minstrelsy,
Ere soon, God willing, better band,
Shall bind me, in a foreign land;
She spoke not, but she veiled her brow
On him that was her castle now.

Yet sudden, as they leapt to ground,
Once she gazed backward and around;
"My father! and alas!" she cried,
"What token shall my fate betide?"
Her lover, ere the sound was o'er,
Cast to the wave the flute and oar;
"These point the way, as oft I've sung!"
Then forth to flight their chargers sprung.

From Sketches of Western Adventure.—During the summer of 1787, the house of Mr. John Merrill, of Nelson County, Kentucky, was attacked by the Indians, and defended with singular address and good fortune. Merrill was alarmed by the barking of a dog about midnight, and upon opening the door in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, he received the fire of six or seven Indians, by which his arm and thigh were both broken. He instantly sunk upon the floor, and called upon his wife to close the door. This had scarcely been done, when it was violently assailed by the tomahawks of the enemy, and a large breach soon effected. Mrs. Merrill, however, being a perfect Amazon both in strength and courage, guarded it with an axe, and successively killed or badly wounded four of the enemy, as they attempted to force their way into the cabin. The Indians then ascended the roof and attempted to enter by way of the chimney; but here, again, they were met by the same determined enemy. Mrs. Merrill seized the only feather bed which the cabin afforded, and hastily ripping it open, poured its contents upon the fire. A furious blaze and stifling smoke instantly ascended the chimney, which quickly brought down two of the enemy, who lay for a few moments at the mercy of the lady. Seizing the axe, she quickly despatched them, and was instantly afterwards summoned to the door, where the only remaining savage now appeared endeavoring to effect an entrance, while Mrs. Merrill was engaged at the chimney. He soon received a gash in the cheek, which compelled him, with a loud yell, to relinquish his purpose, and return hastily to Chillicothe, where, from the report of a prisoner, he gave an exaggerated account of the fierceness, strength, and courage of the "long knife squaw!"

All politeness is owing to Liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this, is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.—*Shaftsbury.*

AN INDIAN BATTLE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The following interesting narrative of a fight with the Waccos and Tawackanies, Indians of Texas, [illegible] was related by Razin P. Bowie, Esq. one of that party, now in this city.

On the 2d of November, 1831, we left the town of St. Antonio de Bexar for the silver mines, on the St. Saba river; the party consisting of the following named persons—Rezin P. Bowie, James Bowie, David Buchanan, Robert Armstrong, Jesse Wallace, Matthew Doyle, Cephas D. Hamm, James Coryell, Thomas M'Caslin, Gonzales and Charles, servant boys. Nothing particular occurred until the 19th, on which day, about ten, A. M., we were overhauled by two Camancha Indians and a Mexican captive, who had struck our trail and followed it. They stated that they belonged to Isaonie's party, a chief of the Camancha tribe, sixteen in number, and were on their road to St. Antonio, with a drove of horses, which they had taken from the Waccos and Tawackanies, and were about returning them to their owners, citizens of St. Antonio. After smoking and talking with them about an hour, and making them a few presents of tobacco, powder, shot, &c., they returned to their party, who were waiting at the Llano river.

We continued our journey until night closed upon us, when we encamped. The next morning, between daylight and sunrise, the above named Mexican captive returned to our camp, his horse very much fatigued; and who, after eating and smoking, stated to us that he had been sent by his chief, Isaonie, to inform us we were followed by 124 Tawackanie and Wacco Indians, and forty Caddos had joined them, who were determined to have our scalps at all risks. Isaonie had held a talk with them all the previous afternoon, and endeavoured to dissuade them from their purpose; but they still persisted, and left him enraged, and pursued our trail. As a voucher for the truth of the above, the Mexican produced his chief's silver medal, which is common among the natives in such cases. He further stated, that his chief requested him to say, that he had but sixteen men, badly armed, and without ammunition; but if we would return and join him, such succour as he could give us he would. But knowing that the enemy lay between us and his, we deemed it more prudent to pursue our journey and endeavour to reach the old fort on the St. Saba river before night, distance thirty miles. The Mexican then returned to his party, and we proceeded on.

Throughout the day, we encountered bad roads, being covered with rocks, and the horses' feet being worn out, we were disappointed in not reaching the fort. In the evening we had some difficulty in picking out an advantageous spot where to encamp for the night. We however made choice of the best that offered, which was a cluster of live-oak trees, some thirty or forty in number, about the size of a man's body. To the north of them a thicket of live-oak bushes, about ten feet high, forty yards in length and twenty in breadth. To the west, at the distance of thirty-five or forty yards, ran a stream of water.

The surrounding country was an open prairie, interspersed with a few trees, rocks, and broken land. The trail which we came on lay to the east of our encampment. After taking the precaution to prepare our spot for defence, by cutting a road inside the thicket of bushes, ten feet from the outer edge all around, and clearing the prickly pears from amongst the bushes, we hobbled our horses, and placed sentinels for the night. We were now distant six miles from the old fort above mentioned, which was built by the Spaniards, in 1752, for the purpose of protecting them while working the silver mines, which are a mile distant. A few years after, it was attacked by the Camancha Indians, and every soul put to death. Since that time it has never been occupied. Within the fort is a church, which, had we reached before night, it was our intention to have occupied to defend ourselves against the Indians. The fort surrounds about one acre of land, under a twelve feet stone wall.

Nothing occurred throughout the night, and we lost no time, in the morning, in making preparations for continuing our journey to the fort; and when in the act of starting, we discovered the Indians on our trail to the east, about two hundred yards distant, and a footman about fifty yards ahead of the main body, with his face to the ground, tracking. The cry of Indians was given, and all hands to arms. We dismounted, and both saddle and pack horses were immediately made fast to the trees. As soon as they found we had discovered them, they gave the war whoop, halted and commenced stripping, preparatory to action. A few mounted Indians were reconnoitring the ground; amongst them we discovered a few Caddo Indians, by the cut of their hair, who had always previously been friendly to Americans.

Their numbers being so far greater than ours, (164 to 11,) it was agreed that Razin P. Bowie should be sent out to talk with them, and endeavour to compromise rather than attempt a fight. He accordingly started, with David Buchanan in company, and walked up to within about forty yards of where they had halted, and requested them, in their own tongue, to send forward their chief, as he wanted to talk with him. Their answer was—"how de do? how de do?"—in English, and a discharge of twelve shot at us, one of which broke Buchanan's leg. Bowie returned their salutation with the contents of a double barrelled gun and a pistol. He then took Buchanan on his shoulder, and started back to the encampment. They then opened a heavy fire upon us, which wounded Buchanan in two more places slightly, and piercing Bowie's hunting shirt in several places, without doing him any injury. When they found their shot failed to bring Bowie down, eight Indians on foot took after him with their tomahawks, and when close upon him, were discovered by his party, who rushed out with their rifles and brought down four of them—the other four retreating back to the main body. We then returned to our position, and all was still for about five minutes.

We then discovered a hill to the north-east, at the distance of sixty yards, red with Indians, who opened a heavy fire on us, with loud yells. Their chief, on horse-back, urging them in a loud and audible voice to the charge, walking his horse perfectly composed. When we first discovered him, our guns were all empty, with the exception of Mr. Hamm's. James Bowie cried out, "who is loaded?" Mr. Hamm observed, "I am." He then was told to shoot that Indian on horseback. He did so, and broke his leg and killed his horse. We now discovered him hopping round his horse on one leg, with his shield on his arm to keep off the balls. By this time four of our party being reloaded, fired at the same instant, and all the balls took effect through the shield. He fell, and was immediately surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, who picked him up and bore him off. Several of those were shot down by our party. The whole body then retreated back of the hill, out of our sight, with the exception of a few Indians who were running about from tree to tree, out of gun shot.

They now covered the hill the second time, bringing up their horses, who had not been in action before, and commenced a heavy fire with directed aim with our rifles. At this instant, another chief appeared on horseback, near the spot where the last one fell. The same question of "who is loaded" was asked; the answer was, "nobody," when little Charles, the mulatto servant, came running up with Buchanan's rifle, which had not been discharged since he was wounded, and handed it to James Bowie, who instantly fired and brought him down from his horse. He was surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, as was the last, and bore off under our fire. During the time we were engaged in defending ourselves from the Indians on the hill, some fifteen or twenty of the Caddo tribe had succeeded in getting under the bank of the creek in our rear, at about forty yards distance, and opened a fire upon us, which wounded Matthew Doyle, the ball entering in the left breast and out the back. As soon as he cried out he was wounded, Thomas M'Caslin hastened to the spot where he fell, and observed, "where is the Indian that shot Doyle." He was told by a more experienced hand not to venture there, as, from the report of their guns, they must be riflemen. At that instant he discovered an Indian, and while in the act of raising his piece, was shot through the centre of the body, and expired. Robert Armstrong exclaimed, "damn the Indian that shot M'Caslin, where is he?" He was also told not to venture there, as they must be riflemen; but on discovering an Indian, and while bring his gun up, he was fired at, and part of the stock of his gun cut off, and the ball lodged against the barrel. During this time our enemies had formed a complete circle around us, occupying the points of rocks, scattering trees and bushes. The firing then became general from all quarters.

Finding our situation too much exposed among the trees, we were obliged to leave it, and take to the thickets. The first thing necessary was to dislodge the riflemen from under the bank of the creek, who were within point-blank shot. This we soon succeeded in, by shooting the most of them through the head, as we had the advantage of seeing them when they could not see us.

The road we had cut round the thicket the night previous, gave us now an advantageous situation over that of our enemy, as we had a fair view of them in the prairie, while we were completely hid. We baffled their shots by moving six or eight feet the moment we had fired, as their only mark was the smoke of our guns. They would put twenty balls within the size of a pocket handkerchief, where they had seen the smoke. In this manner we fought them two hours, and had one man wounded, James Coryell, who was shot through the arm, and the ball lodged in the side, first cutting away a bush, which prevented it from penetrating deeper than the size of it.

They now discovered that we were not to be dislodged from the thicket, and the uncertainty of killing us at random shot; they suffering very much from the fire of our rifles, which brought half a dozen down at every round. They now determined to resort to stratagem, by putting fire to the dry grass in the prairie, for the double purpose of routing us from our position, and under cover of the smoke, to carry away their dead and wounded, which lay near us. The wind was now blowing from the west, and they placed the fire in that quarter, where it burnt down all the grass to the creek, and then bore off to the right and left, leaving around our position a space of about five acres that was untouched by the fire. Under cover of this smoke, they succeeded in carrying off a portion of their dead and wounded. In the mean time, our party were engaged in scraping away the dry grass and leaves from our wounded men and baggage, to prevent the fire from passing over it; and likewise, in pulling up rocks and bushes to answer the purpose of a breastwork.

They now discovered they had failed in routing us by the fire, as they had anticipated. They then re-occupied the points of rocks and trees in the prairie, and commenced another attack. The firing continued for some time, when the wind suddenly shifted to the north, and blew very hard. We now discovered our dangerous situation, should the Indians succeed in putting fire to the small spot which we occupied, and kept a strict watch all round. The two servant boys were employed in scraping away dry grass and leaves from around the baggage, and pulling up rocks and placing them around the wounded men. The remainder of the party were warmly engaged with the enemy. The point from which the wind now blew being favourable to fire our position, one of the Indians succeeded in crawling down the creek and putting fire to the grass that had not yet been burnt; but before he could retreat back to his party, was killed by Robert Armstrong.

At this time we saw no hopes of escape, as the fire was coming down rapidly before the wind, flaming ten feet high, and directly for the spot we occupied. What was to be done—we must either be burnt up alive, or driven into the prairie amongst the savages. This encouraged the Indians; and to make it more awful, their shouts and yells rent the air; they at the same time firing upon us about twenty shots a minute. As soon as the smoke hid us from their view, we collected together, and held a consultation as to what was best to be done. Our first impression was, that they might charge on us under cover of the smoke, as we could make but one effectual fire—the sparks were flying about so thickly that no man could open his powder horn without running the risk of being blown up. However, we finally came to a determination, had they charged us, to give them one fire, place our backs together, and draw our knives, and fight them as long as any one of us was left alive. The next question was, should they not charge us, and we retain our position, we must be burnt up. It was then decided that each man should take care of himself as well as he could, until the fire arrived at the ring around our baggage and wounded men, and there it should be smothered with buffalo robes, bear skins, deer skins, and blankets, which, after a great deal of exertion, we succeeded in doing.

Our thicket now being so much burnt and scorched, that it afforded us little or no shelter, we all got into the ring that was made round our wounded men and baggage; and commenced building our breastwork higher, with the loose rocks from the inside, and dirt dug up with our knives and sticks. During this last fire, the Indians had succeeded in removing all their killed and wounded which lay near us. It was now sundown, and we had been warmly engaged with the Indians since sunrise, a period of thirteen hours; and they seeing us still alive and ready for fight, drew off at a distance of three hundred yards, and encamped for the night with their dead and wounded. Our party now commenced to work in raising our fortification higher, and succeeded in getting it breast high by ten, P. M. We now filled all our vessels and skins with water, expecting another attack the next morning. We could distinctly hear the Indians, nearly all night, crying over their dead, which is their custom; and at daylight, they shot a wounded chief—it being also a custom to kill any of their tribe that are mortally wounded. They, after that, set out with their dead and wounded to a mountain about a mile distant, where they deposited their dead in a cave on the side of it. At eight in the morning, two of our party went out from the fortification to the encampment, where the Indians had lain the night previous, and counted forty-eight bloody spots on the grass where the dead and wounded had been lying. As near as we could judge, their loss must have been forty killed and thirty wounded.*

Finding ourselves much cut up, having one man killed, Thomas M'Caslin—and three wounded, D. Buchanan and Matthew Doyle, and James Corriell—five horses killed, and three wounded—that we recommenced strengthening our little fort, and continued our labours until one, P. M., when the arrival of thirteen Indians drew us into our fort again. As soon as they discovered we were still there, and ready for action and well fortified, they set off. We after that remained in our fort eight days, recruiting our wounded men and horses; at the expiration of which time, being all in pretty good order, we set out on our return to St. Antonio de Baxar. We left the fort at dark, and travelled all night and next day until afternoon, when we picked out an advantageous spot and fortified ourselves, where we remained two days, expecting the Indians would again, when recruited, follow our trail; but, however, we saw nothing more of them.

David Buchanan's wounded leg here mortified, and having no surgical instruments, or medicine of any kind, not even a dose of salts, we boiled some live-oak bark very strong, and thickened it with pounded charcoal and Indian meal, made a poultice of it, and tied it round his leg, over which we sewed a buffalo skin, and travelled along five days without looking at it; when it was opened, the mortified parts had all dropt off, and it was in a fair way for healing, which it finally did, and his leg now is as well as ever it was. There was none of the party but had his skin cut in several places, and numerous shot-holes through his clothes.

On the twelfth day we arrived, in good order, with our wounded men and horses, at St. Antonio de Baxar.

* We afterwards learned from the Camanche Indians that their loss was eighty-two in killed and wounded.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE VOICE OF THE STREAM.

'Tis sweet, as day's declining ray
Fades to a lingering beam,
By softened evening's light to stray,
Beside the silver stream:

And listen to the gurgling sound,
Its placid waters make,
While insects from the [illegible] ground,
Its evening numbers wake.

Oh! there's a voice so softly low,
Of gently varying theme,
In the calm waters' sparkling flow,
Of that bright silver stream.

'Tis with the music-breathing tongue
Of nature's peculiar tone,
Whose softest whispering notes are sung,
To rocks and woods alone.

Even trees and leaves are music-stirr'd,
Bright flowers in chorus seem,
And the sweet warblings of the bird,
Are mingling with the stream.

And when that fairy light shines,
Which gentle evening brings,
O'er the deep woods and rocks, has thrown
Its far spread shadowing wings:

Then still, unmingled, murmuring notes
But break on nature's dream,
'Tis the [illegible] voice that gently floats
O'er that bright silver stream. C. H. W.

NAPOLEON.

In spite of all the clamorous complaints, that fortune is fickle and not to be relied on—and, perhaps, the better that she is so. Were things never to change, but go on in one dull, monotonous course, what would be the state of affairs? Men who might otherwise rise from low obscurity to hold distinguished stations, would linger out their dreary days in changeless forgetfulness; the gay beauties of nature would cease to call forth the admiration of men, and youthful genius, drooping her new-fledged pinions, would sink to rise no more. But she is delusive and changeable, and the contrary is true. No matter whether genius be bred in the low hovels of poverty and wretchedness, or in the towering temples of the rich; it may, by the aid of fortune, shine with equal lustre. He who has genius need not fear the raging of the accusers of fortune; she herself will lead him from his gloomy meditations to his future lot, and publish the refutation of her conspiring enemies. Napoleon, for instance, presents a lively example of the goodness of fickle fortune.

He was born in 1769. Though his family was not of the lowest class, yet but half of his fame would outshine that of the whole host of his predecessors. Corsica was the place of his birth. His genius, even in his boyish days, burst the fetters of ignorance, and shone conspicuous at every school and academy at which he was placed. I will not attempt to sing the praise of Napoleon; his deeds bear the impress of applause upon their own faces. I will not attempt to enumerate all of his achievements—they would fill many volumes; but merely to mention a few of his many brilliant exploits, is all at which I would aim. His seventeenth year was destined to be an important epoch in his life; it was then that he entered the army, and commenced that "brilliant career of illustrious achievements," which has borne his name triumphantly through the bitter slanders of English enmity, and fixed his fame upon the firm basis of immortality.

This illustrious man entered the service, not in the gaudy uniform of commander-in-chief, nor in the still more fantastic equipage of the vain adjutant; but as the humble subaltern, he bore the fatigues of the camp, until his own bright genius, and not the favor of a partial despot, raised him to distinction. Ten years from the time he entered the army, as a subaltern, this self-same Napoleon was commander-in-chief of the French army in Italy; and that classic ground, once trampled by the valiant veterans of Caesar's legions, was now fallen into the hands of a nobler Caesar than he of old. City after city bowed before him, until the proud capital of the ancient world was the scene of his gallant victories. Naples and Mantua, memorable cities of antiquity, reflected the dazzling halo of his glory; the greatest generals of Europe sank before him, and the vain and self-wreathed Pope trembled and sickened at the dauntless courage and daring spirit of the "Little Corporal."

Europe beheld with admiration the invincible spirit of Napoleon, and trembled as she beheld. The same towering genius which led him conqueror through the fair provinces of Italy, at another time conducted him triumphantly across the snow-capt ranges of the Alps; the same dauntless perseverance and stable fortitude which supported him amidst the torrid sands of Africa and the foul pests of Egypt, supported him in the cold and icy regions of the north. Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Russia, and England herself, looked with a fearful eye upon the unparalleled strides of the gigantic Napoleon, while the regal diadems tottered upon the heads of their despotic rulers. The proud autocrat of Russia bent before his irresistible might, and the dynasty of Gustavus crumbled beneath his touch.

But to follow his movements, would be at once to traverse the continent of Europe, from the sunny plains of chivalrous Spain to the frozen mountains of the northern climes. The tall Castilian felt the power of Napoleon, and the gallant Cossack of the Don stood astonished and confused at the recital of his victories.

It has with truth been said that kings were his subjects. Almost every throne of the continent was filled by the minion of his ambition, and others were made to totter at his nod.

But even the mighty greatness of Napoleon was doomed to wither and fall before the combined forces of jealous Europe. Who, that has attentively perused the history of Napoleon, has not admired his gallant courage, his intrepid bravery, and his manly skill? Who has not anxiously followed him through the heroic scenes of his glory, and delighted to admire his unparalleled success? And who has not felt his blood boil with self-fraught indignation, while reading the shameful story of his fall, and the darksome story of Europe's cowardly combination? Yes, nothing less than Europe could have effected his overthrow. Witness the combination of powers,

attyred in dastardly union against the towering talents of Fortune's mighty son. His fall more resembles the treacherous assassination of the virtuous Dauphin, than the honourable overthrow of Christian kings. View Prussia, Austria, Germany, Spain, Russia, and mighty England, attayed in one vast extended arena, against the towering eagles of Napoleon, and "last though not least," view the cold and selfish spirits of Bernadotte and Murat, hovering, like the false and traitorous companions of Brutus, around the evening sun of Napoleon, and watch how they shrink from the ugly glances of their lawful lord.

Such was the force against which the master of Europe had to contend. Common wealth, or mortals, and wonder not that he fell.

France can never forget the memory of Napoleon; he raised her from comparative lowness to gigantic greatness, and by her, at least, should the name of Bonaparte be remembered "with fond delight."

He is no more! The man who could move unclaimed through the tryings era of the revolution, and conduct the armies of his country to victory and glory, amid the smiling verdure of Italy and the icy glaciers of the Alps, and beyond and ruefully, upon the barren cliff of St. Helena, waxen hands fear and injustice had doomed the last days of the hero to linger in the agonies. And the rocky isle of St. Helena will be marked in history as the rugged theatre where beneath his hat, the great and mighty Napoleon, against the burning waves of the billowy Atlantic will climb, but to rebel upon the deceitful authors of their ruin.

Oxford, Oct. 6. A. J. M.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

AWFUL DISASTER AT SEA.

The Lima, Captain Sanders, arrived here on Wednesday, from Jamaica, and brought the Rev Mr. Mayo. On the morning of the 13th May, in lat. 46 20, long. 43 30, when upwards of 300 souls were slumbering, they completely surrounded with ice, their attention was roused by hearing a most tremendous crash, which they fancied a knell at some distance. The vessels remained in this situation for three days, when the ice broke suddenly in their midst, and they were enabled to get more sail and proceed on their course. The appearance of which time the second mate and twelve of the crew quitted for a long boat, the captain and the rest finding some to the determination of remaining on board. After they had been some time separated, and to leave the latter in such a perilous situation, they returned to the vessel and rejoined their shipmates, not to leave her, but they perceived in their determination, saying, that they would all die on board the timber remained afloat." They had, however, got the jolly boat ready in case they should be forced into imminent. The crew having pushed off, they became bewildered among the masses of ice, by which they were surrounded, and totally ignorant of the course to steer. On the next day, they again fell in with their own vessel, which they had left in the night of the boat, containing about forty individuals, approaching in an opposite direction; they immediately boarded the vessel, having, as subsequently appeared, done so in the hour of necessity. The captain of the boat-party and crew, and part of the passengers (including two females) of the Lady of the Lake, of 250 tons burthen, from Belfast to Quebec, with upwards of 300 passengers on board. Those who had left the Lima, in the Harvest Home, when they saw the seas she was in, with her load full of water, took a resolution not to return to the boat, which was at that moment pushed off, and scarcely had they separated into the water. One of them, however, was fortunate enough to make good his leap into the boat which contained the crew of the Harvest Home, and was picked up by a vessel in the Lima. He states that the Lady of the Lake, with the captain and the remainder of those who the captain and crew took to the boat, having the unlucky vessel crowded with passengers, and descending and shrieking passengers, to the number of 150 in all. The crew of the Harvest Home, and that, after they left their vessel the last time, they saw nothing more of the Lady of the Lake and of the individuals who had fallen into the sea when the latter was pushed off, were drowned by the fall of water on the decks.

The Lima, Captain Sanders, arrived here on Wednesday, in 47 days from Jamaica.

Saturday, August 17.

The Hamilton Gaz. W. Dixon, choleric reporter, has been sentenced to one year in the gaol of Montgomery, (Va.) Republican, as an impostor.

Jefferson has been pronounced by the Aurora to be, per se a grand constitutional and national wonder, and Lafayette, the second and political hero of this power, in the character of Don Quixo, Chase the Sancho. A Jefferson and Lafayette are to come, and thereby fraudulently deprive the character of the pay of the effective members, and the estimate of his performance. Thus, for example—*Boston Traveller.*

Accident Columbia.—The Philadelphia Sentinel has given an abstract of the toasts drank by the friends of Gen. Jackson in that city, on the 8th July, in honour of the particular persons. They are reduced to the following list:—Jackson, 1812, 1814, 1815, 1818, 1819, 1820, McLean, 232; Crawford, 301; McKean, 26; Dallas, 22; Thirteen, 1; Adams, 1; Clay, 1; Calhoun, 1. The other toasts were given to Muhlenberg, Wilkins, Binney, Hemphill, Ingersoll, Barry, Bacon, &c. &c.

On Monday the 9th instant, Mr. Maywood arrived at Montreal, but was to leave again on Thursday morning, in the steam boat Car of Commerce, Capt. Sweet, Mrs. Vernon, and Mr. Jones, for Quebec, where they were to join Mr. De Cairo's company at Quebec. Miss Kelly was to have arrived in town on the preceding Monday in the same place, in the character of Lady Teazle, and was to appear there on Wednesday, in that of Belvidera.

The Mason Journal gives an account of a riot in that neighborhood, which was finally suppressed mainly by the honest interposition of a friend, saved from the vengeance of the mob by the fleetness of his horse. Mr. Henry Hopkins of Massachusetts, immediately on his arrival in Mason, was waited on by a mob, who wanted sacking a fee some time, and as long as it appeared to the committee could be of any service." Both refused.

Bolsover vs. Tenpye Cheese.—The important case has been decided by the Chief Justice in favour of the Cheese—all the objections made to the indictment being set aside. Mr. Bolsover, under the green of Queen Anne, and the subsequent statutes, has a monopoly of cheese, and the consequence have a right to apply to the jury, by whom the fine is to be levied, to estimate this to done within thirty days, the bill is to be discharged.

The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, mentions that, the publication of Cooper and Cook's edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels, the 12th volume of which will appear on the 1st of next month, 50,000 persons, including printers, binders, agents, &c. will be employed for a working man, and he gave employment to thousands.

Yankee Slave.—"Nonsa Sense," The Monmouth (N. J.) Enquirer says:—"Some fifty years ago, a poor negro boy having a grant of land assigned to him in the county of Middlesex, in this state, in a little shanty, built on the premises, attended with a small piece of land. While looking about, he became the father of several children, and finally died. One of his sons, John M'Lean, was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States."

The Lexington Chronicle announces the decease of William Boyd Shiell, Esq. of Jessey Shore, one of the Commissioners of the county of Bath. Mr. Shiell was accidentally killed by an accident in driving a load of hay into a barn. The horses took fright at the noise of the wagon crossed the cross wounds the wagon, when one of the front horses came up and struck Mr. Shiell with his hoofs down and rolled over him. The poor fellow was taken up senseless, and expired in a few minutes.

An advertisement in a New York paper offers land for sale at forty cents an acre. The tract is 116 miles north-west of Albany, and the soil is described as fine, and are said to be surrounded by settlements of a thrifty character. The land is offered for sale because each purchaser is entitled to 120 feet by 100 on the river without charge.

Extradition of New York.—The correspondence between the Governor of Upper Canada and the Governor of New York for the extradition of the very concerning in the murder of Mr. Sharp, in the year 1813, has been communicated

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA!

Saturday, August 17, 1833.

We publish on our first page a narrative of an extraordinary conflict between a party of American seamen and a tribe of Indians, which will interest, however we may regret, the principal scene is distrusted by a wood cut, which we have procured expressly for the purpose. The gentlemen who are announced on the committee, and who were one of the party, will receive thanks from individuals who can be regarded as acquaintances now in this city, with the intention of remaining for some time. In connection he mentions many other details of the same nature, not worthwhile, which in this paper we have not deemed it necessary to insert. In the veracity of our friend we place implicit confidence.

The publication of the *Journal of Health*, will be discontinued when the next number, which will appear in the course of the present month, is issued. The publisher is induced to this determination, from the difficulty he has experienced in collecting from the remaining for some time. In connection he mentions many other details of the same nature, not worthwhile, which in this paper we have not deemed it necessary to insert. In the veracity of our friend we place implicit confidence.

A dreadful storm, more than usually destructive in its effects, passed over Newport, (R. I. on the South) on the evening of the 7th inst. The lightning struck in two or three places in the town, doing great damage. The Mercury gives these particulars:—A house in Broad street, occupied by Mr. Robert Tompkins, jr. was struck with lightning, and his wife, and a child, the daughter of Mr. John Almy, were instantly killed. Mrs. Tompkins was standing at the front door the fire place, with the child in her lap, and a few feet from her side, when the lightning descended the chimney, and they were all struck down by the flash. The house of Mrs. P. Mumford, on the hill, was also struck and shattered. The child, the lightning having struck both chimnies, and forced its way through the side of the chamber and lower rooms, from where it passed out of the window. Several houses on the east coast were also struck, but were not much damaged. *Large sums have already been collected* on the interest occasion, as the loss run high, and several were torn up by the roots.

The amount of money paid every week, by the newspaper establishments of London, for stamps, is equal to 100,000 pounds!

The London Athen, in noticing the marriage, at Naples, of a young and beautiful girl of London to a foreign nobleman, says:—"This event has caused a great sensation in the fashionable world, in that city, as well as in this metropolis, in both of which she was known and admired. *Large sums have already been collected* on the interest occasion, as the loss run high, and several were torn up by the roots.

A Gold Mine has recently been discovered in Burlington county, New Jersey, on the land of Hunt's estate, where the hands employed readily get four or five dollars a day, each.

Harriet, a female slave, 13 years old, has been sentenced to be hung in Virginia, for the murder of her two and unprovoked murder, by drowning, of a son of Alexander Mc'Kenzie, Esq. of Herdsman County Penn. The circumstances are detailed in the case.

Seven on the trial, shew the transaction to have been in of the most atrocious and aggravated murder, perhaps ever committed; by a human being. The jury spent all considerable excitement in the minds of a virtuous community. When they deceased, was aged about 8 years, and was drowned in a pond of water, about 12 feet, and in a spring near the residence of his father.

Chloride of Soda is said, in the London Lancet—to be a valuable remedy to be an efficient cure for a burn. It is stated in that journal, on the authority of a surgeon, that he says in attempting to put out the flames that had set fire of the curtains of his bed, had got his hands burnt dreadfully, and he was sent for a couple of quarts of the liquid, (4 oz. of the solution to a pint of water,) and it poured into soup plates, wrapped 4 hands in, and, as the solution dried, it was kept wet for some time. Next morning he was so perfectly well as to be able to attend to his usual pack of burn mentioned; as an hour and a half had elapsed before the application. It is added that the same remedy is sufficient to be effectual in the worst case. The latter item is important as to pugilists.

We have often had occasion to commend the neatness and elegance of the various books published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of this city. The last volume from their press, presents superior claims to this kind of praise. The interior worthy of the "first men" on the eastern route from that city, are now enrolled, in consequence of our reprinted representatives of the great house to the southwestern country. Would that the reform could extend throughout the United States.—Complaints are still received from distant parts.

The public should be on their guard against impositions in bank notes. During the present week no less than three counterfeits of the New York City Banks, have been tendered at this office.

The commission of locomotion afforded by the Omnibuses which now traverse our streets in all directions, is regarded by our citizens generally, as a matter of great importance. We have seen the lines running from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, from Spring Garden to the Navy Yard, and from the Coffee House to the Rail-road, leaving each point every hour. All the lines, we understand, are well patronized, and the establishment is working finely, as well as property holders. The former find in them vehicles of ready conveyance from their dwellings, houses or workshops, and the latter for below the advance of rent charged for houses in the heart of the city. By purchasing a season ticket, the citizen who rides four times a day, at an expense of little more than one penny for each ride.

In New York, great advantages have been found to result from the Omnibuses, to all classes of citizens. Property has increased in value, inducing capitalists to purchase ground and build in the suburbs; the working-men have been benefitted, and every thing in business has brought about a more general circulation of money. We trust these benefits may be realized here. There is an abundance of room for new buildings in the suburbs of our city, and plenty of means to occupy them.

On Tuesday, evening an elderly lady was run over, on the Market street bridge, by a horse and gig, driven by a horse and gig, driven by two young men. She was but slightly injured.

On Tuesday evening, a gentleman stepped into a tavern in Minor street Alley, and drank a glass of brandy and water. Soon after he left the house he came to fall on his shoulder, and upon examination he was found dead. A coroner's inquest was instantly held, and it appeared in evidence that the deceased had been a wealthy and respectable resident of Glasgow, but having been reduced by circumstances, he emigrated to this country, where he acquired habits of intemperance, which gradually undermined his constitution, and debilitated him to a degree that it was supposed caused his death.

A child of Mr. Kellinger, about two years of age, was run over, in Race street near Eighth, on Tuesday afternoon, by a horse and cart, and instantly killed. The owner of the horse and cart, has been arrested, and bound over to appear at Court, as the case has to undergo a full investigation. The coroner, Patrick Mcmony, who has been engaged in a few weeks in this city, has made his escape. At the time the child was run over, he was in close conference behind his cart, in conversation with another individual.

A newspaper under the title of the *American Mechanic*, has been established at Washington, D. C. under the direction of a committee of the Columbian Mechanical Society, of that place. The object of the paper is to support the rights and interests of the working classes generally, and to aid in all measures, having in view their benefit. The first number, which we have before us, contains a number of spirited and well written articles. We trust the witness will prove prosperous.

Mr. Durand's exhibition at Albany, on Thursday week, was seen from first to last, and that city, was one of the most successful ever offered in America. The sight is represented as highly imposing and interesting; the garden was nearly filled, five thousand persons being within the enclosure; a number of boats were also filled all the eminences, roofs, and streets in the vicinity.

Mr. Durand stepped into the car at 5 o'clock, precisely; the cords were cut, and he ascended with inconceivable rapidity and beauty, amid the shouts of eighteen thousand spectators, perfectly self-possessed, waving his banners, and bowing to the assembled multitude, who rent the air with their acclamations. He was soon far up in the air, continuing to wave his flags, until he was lost in the distance. The course of the balloon was a little west of south, and it appears from Mr. Durand's bulletin, issued since his return, that a thirty-eight minutes after five, he came within hailing distance of the earth, at Hudson, and after holding a short conversation with a gentleman named Haswell, he gave his chance acquaintance an Albany paper, with the latest news, and again took his course for flight. At forty-seven minutes past six, he anchored on the farm of Mr. Slingerland, near the town of New Scotland, in which he proceeded to call on his wife and the ladies of the village. The greatest altitude reached by the aeronaut, was about one mile. During the excursion, he used no ballast or other evacuation except of "his wherewithal." The voyagers was seen for nineteen an hour, and the whole spectacle was one of great interest, and is spoken of in terms of the highest admiration.

The notorious Gobbet has recovered the sum of £100, on an action for libel, instituted against the publisher of the London Times.

The libellous paragraph, which appeared originally in the Leeds Intelligencer, was as follows:—

"Cobbett.—It is hinted that Mr. Cobbett, being an unconfirmed bankrupt, cannot take his seat in the House."

To Readers and Correspondents.

"A Scorer," by *D. F. M.*, shall appear.

In the pretty lines by Leila, will receive early attention.

"Battle of Camden," by A. H. M., is too long for our columns. Lest our readers, however, should think us wrong in rejecting the Bards on this occasion, we will give two lines from the invocation of the bard just before he gets into the fore part, with the child in her lap, and a day in the valley, when the lightning descended the chimney, and they were all struck down by the flash. The house of Mr. P. Mumford, on the hill, was also struck and shattered. The child, the lightning having struck both chimnies, and forced its way through the side of the chamber and lower rooms, from where it passed out of the window. Several houses on the east coast were also struck, but were not much damaged. *Large sums have already been collected* on the interest occasion, as the loss run high, and several were torn up by the roots.

Great Muse! let down your Helicon!"

The solution, by "Work Alpone," of the enigma in the Post, is correct.

"The poem, "He's in an Asbury," is quite too ugly, for the Evening Post.

"F. Y." is correct, and his enigma nor charade, is inserted in this paper, unless accompanied with a solution.

Our acquaintance with J. D. M. of West Brookfield, has made us poorer, by *three six*, than we should have been without it. His letter containing some dogged poetry on "Night," which, we suppose under the expectation of finding something valuable, we opened, and found—Post-master as a six dispatches, at flying rates to be placed on the count of

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Aug. 9—Received from

N. Bennett,	2 00	Martin Gage, Esq.	1 00
Alex. Mc'Kenzie,	2 00	J. P. Conard, Esq.	2 00
Robert Caldwell,	3 00	Jos. Hoffman,	2 00
Wm. Hamilton,	2 00	Miles M. Nerton, Esq.	2 00
Richard Watson,	2 00	Thomas Hall, Esq.	2 00
Richard Wilson,	2 00	Rich. Mc'Vaugh,	2 00
Jos. Thomas, P. Esq.	3 00	Jos. Thomas, P. Esq.	3 00
Aug. 10.		*Aug. 12.*	
Alexander Hamilton,	2 00	John Coulter,	10 00
W. M'Sweeny,	1 00	Joseph G. Oliver,	2 00
Aug. 12.		*Aug. 10.*	
Alexander Hamilton,	2 00	Jos. H. Bridges,	2 00
D. H. Sabin,	2 00	Bloomingburgh, Esq.	10 00
Abner Spence,	2 00	Jos. Thomas, P. Esq.	3 00
Abel Bartlett, Esq.	5 00	Abel Bartlett, Esq.	5 00
Gerret Hoffman,	2 00	Gerret Hoffman,	2 00
Wm. Hamilton,	2 00	Wm. Hamilton,	2 00
Robert M'Intosh,	2 00	Robert M'Intosh,	2 00
Wm. Hamilton, Esq.	5 00	Wm. Hamilton, Esq.	5 00
Hiram W. Sanders,	2 00	Hiram W. Sanders,	2 00
Simeon Mills,	1 00	Simeon Mills,	1 00
Jos. H. Bridges,	2 00	Jos. H. Bridges,	2 00
Aug. 13.		*Aug. 13.*	
Wm. Haswell, Esq.	2 00	Jos. H. Bryer,	5 00
Wm. Haswell,	2 00	Wm. Haswell,	2 00
Joseph Field, Esq.	2 00	Rainford Patrick,	1 00
Wm. Haswell,	2 00	Alexander Mills,	1 00
R. W. Hamilton, Esq.	1 00	Thomas Harris, Esq.	5 00
Aug. 14.		*Aug. 14.*	
H. Davenport,	3 00	D. K. M'Cullen, Esq.	1 00
Wm. Hamilton,	2 00	Wm. Hamilton,	2 00
Wm. M. Armstrong,	2 00	*Aug. 15.*	
Aug. 15.		Wm. Hamilton,	2 00
Daniel Collins, [rent]	1 81	W. Hawes,	15 00
Wm. P. Hall,	2 00	J. Carpenter, [rent]	10 00
Benjamin Day,	1 00	Joseph Fenton, Esq.	20 00
J. Phillips,	2 00	Isaac Tyson,	2 00
Thos. L. Coulling,	2 00	Joseph Johnson,	1 00
Thos. J. Bowers,	2 00	Thos. L. Coulling,	2 00
Chas. J. Barnes, Esq.	2 00	J. S. Lyon, Esq.	1 00
Chas. J. Barnes, Esq.	2 00	Chas. J. Barnes, Esq.	2 00
Joseph Field, Esq.	2 00	R. F. Avery, Esq.	2 00
Joseph Field, Esq.	2 00	Joseph Field, Esq.	2 00
Isaac Hendrickson,	2 00	Isaac Hendrickson,	2 00
H. Woodward, Esq.	5 00	A. Brundwell, Esq.	5 00
Edem Jones, [rent]	1 00		

New Agents for Atkinson's Periodicals.

T. J. Dobyns, Esq.—Brownsville, Tennessee.
Wm. H. Gordon, Esq. P. M.—Madison, Georgia.
Edgar A. Bowers, Esq. P. M.—Lexington, Ky.
Dr. Homer Esq. P. M.—Mantua, Ohio.
Daniel Collins, [rent] 1 81 W. Hawes, 15 00
Wm. P. Hall, 2 00 J. Carpenter, [rent] 10 00
Benjamin Day, 1 00 Joseph Fenton, Esq. 20 00
J. Phillips, 2 00 Isaac Tyson, 2 00
Thos. L. Coulling, 2 00 Joseph Johnson, 1 00
Thos. J. Barnes, 2 00 Thos. L. Coulling, 2 00
Chas. J. Barnes, Esq. 2 00 J. S. Lyon, Esq. 1 00
Joseph Field, Esq. 2 00 Chas. J. Barnes, Esq. 2 00
Joseph Field, Esq. 2 00 R. F. Avery, Esq. 2 00
Isaac Hendrickson, 2 00 Joseph Field, Esq. 2 00
H. Woodward, Esq. 5 00 Isaac Hendrickson, 2 00
Edem Jones, [rent] 1 00 A. Brundwell, Esq. 5 00

A medal of a newly invented Paddle Wheel for boats, which avoids the lifting of water, as in ordinary paddles, is now on the table of the Franklin Institute, of this city. The inventors say that these wheels will be brought into the water less obliquely than the common kind, by the use of a curved paddle board with the axis of the wheel, retain a perpendicular position while they are out of the water. This result is alleged to be the effect of a new form of the machinery which the paddle may be constructed of any requisite size. The usual hours of exhibition are from 3 o'clock P. M. until 10, P. M.

The schr. Eagle, Capt. Carley, arrived at Boston, on Friday, from Campeachy. The Captain reports to the Boston Courier, that the cholera appeared there on the 21st of June, and that it continued to rage with some before his departure on the 30th. When he left, there were 10 to 12 deaths per day occurring. The disease was principally among the natives. Only two American residents there were all well, and the Americans generally were in strong attendance upon the sick.

The Mechanics and Working Men of the borough of Pottsville, Pa. have held a meeting, and resolved to purchase no imported articles, a substitute for which is manufactured in that borough. They allege that they will deal only with those who deal with them, and declare that they will purchase nothing from any store, keeper who offers for sale articles from foreign countries, to the prejudice of the productions of American industry.

We understand that a new tragedy, from the pen of our gifted young townsman, Robert T. E. Shaw, M. D. is to be produced at the Bowery Theatre, New York, on September. Mr. Hamblin, it is stated therein. The tragedy is entitled "Gonzalvo," and is founded by his previous dramatic effort, is a fair guarantee that the present tragedy will not disappoint the expectations of the public.

The amount of fuel consumed in the process of iron making, is almost inconceivable, by those unacquainted with the subject. A gentleman who owns ore furnaces and forges, in Morris county, New Jersey, and editor of the Journal of Commerce, that his annual consumption of fuel is about sixteen thousand cords. Twenty thousands of bushels of charcoal are annually found in the iron regions of New Jersey, are deemed sufficient to ensure a permanent supply of fuel for a single furnace. The number of furnaces in New Jersey, is twelve.

Mess. Dyer.—The friends of Mrs. Duff, were a week or 10 days since, informed that she was not being informed that their lady had formed a matrimonial connection with Mr. Charles Durang, a dramatic gentleman, a personal friend of ours, who lived in the family of the prisoner's father and mother, and watchcraft, induced the favorite actress of the day to abandon the home of her husband, and the abandonment of Mrs. Duff.—That a lady who had filled so many of the first parts in the dramatic world, should suddenly blend her fortunes with an actor, who, though possessing many estimable qualities, was not known beyond the precincts of the city, and

THE OLIO

Variety's the very spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From the Boston Atlas.

SOLILOQUY OF POOR HORSE.

How weak—I wonder where he stole 'em.—*Swift.*

"The letter you will see conveyed,
By means that shall remain unsaid,
To No. 31, Temple Range.
Where lives, you know, the lady Dimple;
And let me have a pen and ink—
Let no one in but Mrs. Blodgett—
There's up the stair, and close the door—
And, Bridget, never Mamelon."

Last Nicholas.

"The door is shut—the office's ready,
The woman surely can't resist me,
With such a person and address,
And sundry chances to assist me!
The touching reference of this make
Is sure to be considered for rejection—
I've known a dozen Scotch Baronets,
At once, reduced to self-protection.

"And, certainly, she can't withstand
The fascination of the offer;
Such arrogance might constrain a saint,
Without a title fascinating!
Besides, 'twere only yesterday,
She said she quite had made up my map—
That, 'mongst the Flowers of Modern Love,
I was, par excellence, the 'Thistle!'

"And here I am, 'mid sighs and sneers
Of bowing beaux and blood relations,
Rehearsing to myself my vows
And swallowing jokes, as well as raisins!
Stunned for the time, to make it brisk,
Been rebuked as 'severe?'
Why, if I have one other sister
I've that of a submissive martyr!

"But no one can mistake a type
So fatal as that of my fair;
She knows, as husband, I should stay
Where she might marry whom I pleased,
And if allowed on fashion's list
To accompany what duke I can it?—
I should be well content to swing
The very latest bell upon it.

S. C. R.

A respectable farmer, not forty miles from this place, has the misfortune to have a very large family and very much. A young man wishing to obtain his consent to marry his daughter, called on him one day and found the old gentleman in the field digging with his coat. It was, just all double, a hardy matter for a different man to broach, and the lover hesitated, after running a parallel with the furrow several times round the field, as one may with all the corn, and not get the important question, at the interested object—I—ed. "You have a large family, sir," he observed at last. I—I should be g—g—glad to—to—to—take one—many your daughters off your hands."

FARMER.—*Take her and have her welt, sirrah, darn Black.*

ARGUMENT.—What are you doing there, Solomon? said the patron of a Board tree hunt, a few evenings since, as he made his entree to a row for the night. I'm only jist down a nail in the bunt at the edge of the water, to see if the river will rise any afore morning.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a bad *Play* like a bee? Because 'tis a humbug.

Why is a cooped hat more like a wholesale article? Because you cannot sell it.

Why is Rome like roasting beef? Because its a part of the loaded list.

Why is a thermometer longer than a mad dog? Because his Rabi is more than his log.

Why is a fowl like twenty hundred weight? Because its a stone's age.

Why are Paris boots like mud hats? Because they are in fashion.—*N. Y. Traveller.*

NAVAL ANECDOTE.—When Commodore Decatur arrived at Gibraltar in the summer of 1815, on his way to Algiers, a great number of British officers, and amongst them an American gentleman, were assembled on an eminence to view the American fleet. Decatur sailed into the harbor in his splendid frigate, my boys were style and placed without coming to anchor, his object being merely to show himself and his squadron to the Dey of Algiers. The English officers were very desirous of knowing the force and character of the vessels of they announced, and as the shrewd Yankee pleased, and to know a day or two previous to their arrival, that they crowded around his cabin eagerly for information.

The first inquiry was, how many guns the frigate the second, the Macedonian; the third, the Java; the next was the Hornet; the next the Peacock; and the next—"O——n the man," they exclaimed with delight, "we know him, we know him well, he's a regular tar, and will give us satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, both, you exclaimed, and walked you through the deck." Decatur must left the master in possession of his mistress's and he brushed out to accept the challenge. Much to the officers' general amusement, the Irishman jumped into his place, and having deliberately dressed himself in his second and cried, "I'll talk to you after the play is over."

TAMMANIAR TALK.—Heretofore the most fashionable people have generally been the loudest talkers. A stranger has but to step in the parlor of most of the publications of Mr. Rand's work on the Cabinet of Leaders. The worthy economist has just found that the society in London speak so much either in cultured tones, as were in the habit of doing. A private exchange of manners is reported at Saratoga, and the following rules are to be found in the grand drawing room of such haunts:—

No gentleman to speak to a lady above a whisper, unless she is a downright deaf.

Every gentleman and lady on leaving or below the young girls, with very chicken and quacking eyes, to be let out in the street and left to find the gentlemen around her. The girls to look modest.

Any waiter, worth from $50,000 to $100,000, to fill S. S. Rich's order, unless he is a nigger, who is at liberty to talk as loud as he pleases.

A fashion to last only for three days and three nights. Flats only to hail ejaculate.—*Pennsylvanian.*

MR. JEREMIAH SMITH entered an apothecary's store a few nights since, with a pale, haggard and woebegone countenance. Approaching the counter, behind sighs, asked a young man behind one counter, if he "had any?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "we have a variety of powders."

"Well—fill this box bottle with laudanum—I'm sick and want some powders—try 'em on me."

The last quotation somewhat astonished the apothecary, and rather put him out of his way for the moment, but the assurance of Jeremiah was not calculated to be easily suppressed; he "knew" he had the drug—it was colored water, and handed it to the customer.

"Will that do for you, sir?" asked the forger, shaking the mixture, and looking volumes of desire.

"I think it will," replied the young man, "I have never known it to fail yet, even in the most desperate cases of your complaint, which appears to be rather a common one professionally."

"Oh! yes—I will take all, and—here's a quarter dollar—allow me."

The young man, determined to see the effect of his new acquaintance, followed the desperate lover through a number of stores, and they ordered a variety till finishing at the last, they found a fellow of the most sanguine brow rather a doubtful character. Jeremiah hauled at the dose, which was received by a very lovely looking woman, who, if she did not, as Byron has it, "walk in beauty like the night," was at least by the light of a two cent candle, which she held rather generously in her hand.

"Oh! Susan!" exclaimed Solon, drawing his hand across his eyes, to prevent her from seeing the tear in her eye, "I'm dying for you!"

"Then the thing's settled," groaned Jeremiah, "behold the victim of your cruelty."

Seeing the mixture in the hand, he swallowed the contents of the phial, and laid down on the pavement to be observed, by so many as knew of death; and to the relentless fair slammed the door and seized to weep, "perfidious Solon."

A DEEPER CONTEMPT BY A DUNGEAN.—We have noticed in some of our exchange papers an account, of which we cannot vouch as to the accuracy, but of the general, because we have not the copy at hand. An old negro, who was a slave of Patrick Henry, used to herself and others of his great institution for abuse to him, and one day, when he was more than usually in good, called one evening on a few neighbors, and "Massa Patrick is the meanest man I ever see. I have had down the floor for him more than twenty years, and he never, 'Why,' said the lawyer, 'I thought I knew the devil among men, and he is far ground a glass by which, overboard. *That's the Dungeon for me.*

"Why? I'm a poet," is the poesy of childhood—"Why? I was a child," is the poesy of age.

THE NEAPOLITAN BRIGAND.

AN ADVENTURE OF THE EXTREMES CENTURY.

The Governor of a city in Italy, in the kingdom of Naples, wishing to repress the depredations of a famous band of robbers, who annoyed the surrounding country, published a decree, in which he promised pardon and a sum of money to every robber who should deliver up to him one of his comrades, living or dead. This decree reached the ears of the brigands, who were collected together in their retreat in the mountains. They had just received a rich booty, and were dividing the spoil, when they came to their own names, and each one, in his turn, received his portion and uttered leader. He, seated apart from the rest, counted and received his share last, and put it in his pocket without saying a word. Shortly afterwards in the caverns, where had taken place with the travellers, and, having settled their lives and fortunes, he was holding out his arm to a young man, who would have gladly given his life for him and the knock aside, which he had just taken off, and which served him as a disguise in those perilous times.

Upon hearing the decree read, the brigands started up, and, indignant at the treachery and infamy of the governor who could believe them capable of purchasing their liberty and a few pence, at the price of treason and infamy. The lieutenant, especially, could not contain his wrath at the idea of a proposition and grown gray in arms, he possessed that species of honour which is considered by his companions as the only one he would permit the governor for having treated them as contemptible wretches.

The captain alone expressed neither indignation nor anger. He was bound to maintain the honour of the governor does his duty. Do we not meet this continually in the world? Are not the greatest of the people worthy of every species of affront, every kind of treachery, when they are every day, hundreds and thousands?

Gradually each was the lieutenant's words entertained a salient hatred towards his captain; for they remembered all the services he had rendered them, which was due to his long services, and had proved successful. Do we daily achieved, calmness, and daring courage, united with a heart moved by the most generous feelings, these feelings but simple minded men, had quickly obtained for their chief, in addition to his rank, the title the confidence and blind obedience of the whole band.

This enmity towards the young commander, combined very powerfully in the minds of the brigands, and was augmented by necessity, for he had become enamoured of the wife of the governor, who represented dressing the sum of the young chief. This news had immediately reached the governor's ears, and was the more welcome as it gave him a means of ridding himself of a man who had become very dangerous to him—*Nugent Courier.*

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For Gentlemen, Ladies, and Gentlemen.

Issued monthly, each number of which will contain sixty pages, embellished with fine engravings on steel, engraved expressly for this work, by the most eminent artists, including a coloured copy of some work of the day.

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Postmasters, and others, who may procure subscribers, will be allowed a liberal commission.

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Post paid letters to be addressed to the publisher, and all letters on the business of the work must be post paid.

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THE subscriber, thankful for past favours, would respectfully inform his friends, and the public in general, that he has removed to No. 30 Minor street, in the rear of his former residence, in St. Mary's Row, where he will be happy to receive orders for weaving Carpets, and hopes that the strict attention he has given to them will entitle him to a continuance of the favours so liberally bestowed upon him in the past. Carpets made from customers' rags will be returned in the shortest time possible.

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